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The Drowning

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Montgomery: The Drowning

Oak Tree Memorial

by Judy Hatch

In the open field it rests and like the war hero's grave beside it, it is surrounded by a mist of glory and honor. Its winter branches, naked and rigid, grasp for the heavens and occasionally bend to look down upon the earth. Its limbs, strong and crusted with bark, reach out in every direction as if to seize a wandering soul and tell it a story of pride. For almost one hundred years it has stood there, its roots fingering their way through the earth to claim as much land as they can. Hoping perhaps, that once under its control, the earth would give reverence to dead-soldiers everywhere.



(Photo by Jan Houston)

The Drowning

by Kristine Montgomery

This time
I won't care where the sand clings.
When it cakes my toes,
I will savor it.

I welcome the wind's disheveling —
This time.
Sifting, confusing and stretching each strand —
Merciless Wind, you can pluck them.

Flesh and protuberance
Harden and beg for warmth
But are denied.
This time I refuse to curl.
Suffer, rigid wrapping.

The flesh shivers;
The hair snaps.
And all the while whimpering.
Strength has forsaken thee this time,
My spirit.
Follow me into the water.

Deaf to angelic plea, I claim
I fear life more than death.
As Neptune drinks me in
And swallows hard
The final breath.

In A Book On A Shelf

by Tammy Hardesty

I'll reach out to you
Take my hand
We'll find a place to go to
A distant carefree land

Over clouds and mountains we could fly
Over seas and ridges
Into the cold darkness of space
I know of a place

On a planet far away
In a book on a shelf
White flower fields and skies turning grey
I've been there myself

In a dream
No one could invade
Floating downstream
Or in the shade
Careless-

Careless-Carefree
Only in a dream

Hide away in a room ten by ten
Will you come visit me?
I can't remember how long it's been
Since I've seen reality.